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TWO THOUSAND YEARS AFTER;

OR,

A TALK IN A CEMETERY.

By JOHN DARBY,

AUTHOR OF "THINKERS AND THINKING," "ODD HOURS OF A PHYSICIAN," ETC.

James Edmund Cameron. M.D.

PHILADELPHIA:
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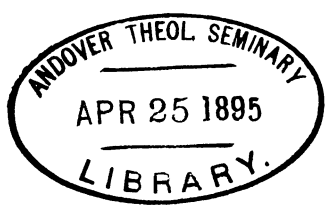

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TO "CEBES,"

Who may stand as the representative of many of the writer's friends; earnest inquirers after truth, sceptical alone because of not seeing the way clearly,

This Little Volume is Dedicated;

the hope being indulged that the meaning of life and of living will be found in its pages.

"From the dead, O Cebes, living things and living men are produced."—PHÆDO.

IT is undeniably the case that the Positivist in his observations, investigations, and exclusions, is enabled to exhibit Mind as a simple functional expression ; and consequently that it is not a something immortal. Hence it is that many, of short sight, conclude it demonstrated that the teachings of the theologians are errors, and that man has no different part or state assigned him than belongs to Matter and Force at large. The author of this little volume, in a hope of being able to show, with simple language and illustrations, how erroneous is such a conclusion, and at the same time to exhibit plainly and fully what is the status of man in creation, has occupied a few of his leisure hours in writing the brochure here presented. That it may accomplish the purpose of its intention in putting to rest many unwise doubts, and in showing how grand is the capability of the human, is a wish not less sincere than are the convictions which go to make up the arguments.

In making the dialogue an addendum, as it were, to Plato's world-famous controversy on the Immortality of the Soul, the "Phædo," the design is to extend the meaning of the present discourse, and to call the attention—of people who might happen to be unfamiliar with it—to a production of which the meditative Cato was wont to remark, "that when surrounded by the wrecks made in the contentions of Pompey and Cæsar, it was to the Phædo alone that he could turn for consolation." It is a pity, indeed, that so little should be known by people of the present day of the great controversies of Cynosarges and the Academy. Acquaintance with Socrates and Plato is the best possible guard against coming to unwise decisions, and should constitute a part of the education of every cultivated individual.

Aside from the intentions just noted, it may not but be seen that a dialogic form is that best adapted to a manner of composition, where frequent explanations are rendered necessary in order that meanings may be made plain.

In the arguments here presented, it is assumed that the capability of man is tripartite; but that everything else in nature is strictly dual. If such a distinction be not clearly made evident, then the labor of the effort is a barren one, and the trouble taken amounts to nothing. If, on the contrary, the writer makes his subject understood, then must it be seen by the reader that the mysteries of life are just no mysteries at all; and for a man to understand himself, it needs only that he inquire.

PHILADELPHIA, July 4th, 1875.

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TWO THOUSAND YEARS AFTER.

ARGUMENT.

NEARLY twenty-three hundred years ago, Socrates, whose name is familiar to all thinkers, was executed at Athens, having been condemned by the judges because of accusations preferred by one Melitus that he disbelieved in the gods of his country, and through his teachings corrupted the Athenian youth. On the day in which the sentence was to be carried into effect, there were assembled in the prison his friends Echecrates, Phædo, Apollodorus, Cebes, Simmias, and Crito, and with these Plato represents as being held the world-famous conversation on the immortality of the soul.

In the present dialogue, it has not been thought either amiss or out of keeping with nature's laws to imagine that, in the correlations or transmigrations of life, these friends should find themselves again together after the lapse of all these years, and that, possessed of the lore of the modern Positivist, the conversation should be renewed.

In these pages it is recognized that the Positivist is right in maintaining that man is an automaton, and in the declaration that mind is a function of the brain, living and dying with that mass of matter in which it has its existence. It is also held that the organization of man demonstrates his ability to live without a soul; that a soul is not a necessity to man, and that he may be born, may live, and die, without the immortal principle. It is finally attempted to be shown that man is the only offspring of creation to whom has been given the capability of receiving and holding the immortal principle, and that the extent and character of his immortality depend upon himself. What this principle is, the Analysis exhibits.

TWO THOUSAND YEARS AFTER.

SOCRATES. It is permitted me, O Cebes, to continue with you that conversation which the good intention of Crito would have altogether prevented, had we not denied the importunities of him who prepared the poison-cup.

CEBES. Nothing strange does it seem to hear again the voice.

Soc. Nothing strange; for that which is heard is immortal; instruction resides not less on the lips of folly than in the speech of wisdom, and he who hears not the voice always, hears not only because that he does not listen. But heed, Cebes, and call you Phædo, and Echerates, Apollodorus, Simmias, and Crito; shall we not with profit take up the subject of our discourse at that point where the commands of the officer of the Eleven interrupted it?

Ceb. Whether the voice be false or true, whether it bears the speech of Cynosarges or deceives through the lips of a sophist, I will listen, hoping to find doubts resolved.

Soc. Judge of a speech, Cebes, by the argument. This, then, is the sum of what you inquired, when, in the pen at Athens, we sat together two thousand years ago. You required it to be proved that man has a soul; that soul is something imperishable and immortal; that a philosopher who is about to die, full of confidence and hope that after death he shall be far happier than if he had died after leading a different kind of life, does not entertain such confidence foolishly and vainly. You asserted, as well, that even to be able to show that a soul is something having existence, and that it is of a strong and divine nature, and that it lived before we men were born, not at all hinders, but that all such things may evince, not its immortality, but that the soul is durable, and existed an immense space of time before, and knew and did many things; but that, for all this, it was not at all the more immortal; but that its entrance into the body of a man is the beginning of its destruction, as though it were a disease, so that it passes through this life in wretchedness, and at last perishes in what is called death. You declared, also, that it is of no consequence whether it should come into a body once or often with respect to our

occasion of fear, for it is right, you said, that he should be afraid, unless he be foolish, who does not know, and cannot give a reason to prove that the soul is immortal. Such is, I think, Cebes, the sum of what you required, and what you asserted.

Ceb. I do not take from, or add to it; such things I said.

Soc. Now that the centuries which have come and gone, have left behind demonstrations of which the sophists knew nothing, and of which we in our turn had as little provision—now, holding speech again together, we are able to affirm of things whereof formerly we ventured alone to insinuate. Give heed, Cebes; to-day we shall have a demonstration which in itself carries its own voucher; to-day we shall be made to feel that we know whereof we affirm. The centuries, my Cebes, are as vantage ground. What Theætetus knew not of the meaning of science is now fully comprehended, for the times have exhibited not only this meaning, but as well the end of such manner of inquiry. Let us, then, talk together from the standpoint of to-day, for after such manner it is that we have to the advantage of our discourse, that fresher knowledge to which I allude.

Ceb. After whatsoever manner it best pleases you.

Soc. We will have then, as a text, those lines which the poet Ovid makes as speech for Pythagoras.

"Death has no power the immortal soul to slay;
That, when its present body turns to clay,
Seeks a fresh home, and with unminished might
Inspires another frame with life and light.
So I myself (well I the past recall),
When the fierce Greeks begirt Troy's holy wall
Was brave Euphorbus; and in conflict drear,
Poured forth my blood beneath Atrides' spear;
The shield this arm did bear, I lately saw
In Juno's shrine, a trophy of that war."

Heed, Crito, when all was over, as you would have it, did you catch and bury Socrates?* You remember, my friends, that I craved you as sureties to Crito, whom I could not persuade that the body he was to bury was not Socrates, even though I argued long both for his and my own consolation. When I shall tell you what I now know, it will not seem a strange thing to learn that Socrates was a mourner with you at his own funeral. There was a something also that I held with Simmias.

---

* After the conclusion of his discourse, Socrates proposed to bathe himself in order that such trouble might be spared those who were to prepare his body for interment. Crito, anxious to pay every respect to the master, asks Socrates if he has any commands to give, and among other things begs to know how he would like to be buried. Smiling, the sage replies, "Just as you please, provided you can catch me," and he then begs the others to be sureties to Crito for his absence from the body, as before, Crito had been bound to the judges for his appearance on the day of trial.

If I am not wrong, Simmias, we did agree, after some argument, that death consisted alone in a separation of soul from the materials of the body; that the wisdom of the philosopher counselled him to keep the soul always as isolated from the mortal parts as possible, in order that he should secure to himself the greatest pleasure: this, we inferred; now are we prepared to understand that which before we could not prove.

SIMMIAS. It is well recalled, Socrates. It was myself who admitted that there exist two classes of pleasures, namely, such as come of agreeable bodily sensations, and others with which bodily parts seem to have no association. Also, it was agreed to, that pure knowledge might only come when the soul denied all office of reason on the part of the body. It was, as well, agreed that purification consists in this, namely, in accustoming the soul to collect itself by itself, on all sides, apart from the body, and to dwell, so far as it can, in a present and in a future, alone by itself, delivered, as it were, from the shackles of the body.

Soc. If I mistake not, Simmias, it was an inference that a wise man could have no fear of death; on the contrary, that it was the part of philosophy to court a dissolution of the mortal ties, seeing that only in such a dissolution could the soul obtain its freedom.

Ceb. It is not to be forgotten, Socrates, that, dissatisfied with this conclusion, it was even I who suggested

that there might be no soul apart from body — that the day in which a body dies, soul is dispersed and vanishes like breath or smoke.

Soc. You say right, Cebes; the memory of the objection has not left me; and now, with clearer vision, are we to take up the arguments where, together, we laid them down. Heed, my friend; we will get knowledge of the soul in learning what it is not. The century that marks our present meeting having in it a fulness of positive research, such as was not found with our master Anaxagoras, or with any that preceded him, we find ourselves as men standing upon high ground; around us, and within us, is that which shows, with an irrefutable plainness, as it would seem, what are the meaning and end of scientific inquiry; a knowledge which we are led to perceive had first to be arrived at in order to the possibility of recognizing anything that might have existence beyond the material.

Ceb. Shall we not begin with the beginning, Socrates?

Soc. It is well put, Cebes, seeing that they listen who were not before auditors. We recall to ourselves, and to these other, that, previous to the school of the Ionian philosophers, — of which Thales was the founder, — man had not attempted any inquiry into himself or into the manner or matter of his composition; the world was accepted by him as he found it, and, like unto a tree or

rock, he rested in that in which he found nutrition and development.

But to Thales came the inclination leading to inquiry, "Who and what is Thales?" This, we remember, was the question ever present with the sage. But Thales could find on the earth, or in the universe, nothing which seemed to him so potent and so omnipresent as moisture. Water, he declared, therefore,—and, as it would seem, most naturally and plausibly,—to be the one component of the world. A man, he said, was made up of water, the earth is water, the gods themselves are water; and all was well argued and well spoken, for according to the light so was the judgment.

Next we are to refer to Anaximenes, the successor, shall we call him, of Thales. The pupil of Anaximander did not agree, however, with his predecessor. A something more persistent than water he thought Air to be; so in this element, — as he considered it, — he affirmed was to be found the one component of man and world and God. Wherever life is, there also, said Anaximenes, is to be found respiration; where no air is, there is death.

Ceb. And Heraclitus denied the conclusions of both his Ionian brothers.

Soc. Well remembered, Cebes; the Ephesian did in truth differ widely from those who went before in their conclusions. Fire, he affirmed to be the one component

of the world. A spontaneous force and activity resided, he said, in fire: Neither by God, nor by man, is God or man or world; all are of an ever-living fire, in due measure self-enkindled, and in due measure self-extinguished. Yet see, O Cebes, all the Ionians agreed in this, namely, that there existed a universal principle, this principle abiding the same, no matter how multitudinous the changes; and, indeed, in this lies the gist of the Ionian philosophy.

Sim. We are right, Socrates, in accepting that the error of this school lay in the unreliability of the means employed by it to understand?

Soc. We are right indeed, Simmias. The Ionians recognized no source of knowledge apart from the senses of the organic man: what these senses exhibited to them they affirmed to be truth. Thus, the Ionian philosophy means the judgment that comes of seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, of general and special touch; these being the senses that pertain to man as an animal, and being the instruments employed by the school, which we consider, to acquire its conclusions. But, even in the far-away days, it was not a difficult matter for us to perceive the fallacies of Ionian judgments, inasmuch as it was of self-exhibition that truth resided not in the judgments of senses simply animal in their import; for while it was that a man might very well say what any certain thing appeared to him to be, yet very

little inquiry elicited that no two men could possibly see the same thing in exactly the same manner; just as it is not seen of any two that in physiognomy they exactly resemble each other. To the Ionians we are to give, however, a credit which justly belongs to them, for having opened the epoch of philosophic inquiry (all other people rested in some theology or mythology), but this award is all that belongs to them. And who, Simmias, are we to honor for an advancing step, if not Diogenes? for from whom, if not from the Apollonian, got the great Anaxagoras that cue which enabled him to declare that, while it might very well be that Anaximenes was right in teaching that the world was made of air, yet the universe was seen to be full of the expressions of arrangement, and that such direction could not possibly reside in a simple? See, said the Greek, all that man looks upon is found to be ordered in the best and most beautiful manner; and without Reason this would be impossible. It must be, therefore, that the air is a compound, and in it resides consciousness.

Ceb. Neither are we to forget, Socrates, that noble "Argument of Design" made by yourself, which to-day seems as impressive as when, two thousand years back, Plato wrote it out for the Athenians.

Soc. We may let that go, Cebes; yet no more rightfully was I in debt a cock to Esculapius than does the philosopher of to-day owe an oblation to the Lydian

Anaxagoras. We are not to detract from credit due Diogenes; but we may not fail to recognize in the Lydian the planter of that seed out of which have grown the umbrageous branches under which discourse the modern peripatetics. All, said Anaxagoras, was chaos until intelligence (Mind) entered into matter. Yet heed, Cebes, for here we are to make mention of the paradox of the citizen of Clazomenæ. Agreeing with the Ionians, he taught, as you remember, that all knowledge comes through the senses; opposing the Ionians, and agreeing with Xenophanes, he declared that all knowledge received through the senses is delusive. Was he right, Cebes, in the first, or in the last, of his premises? Or, of possibility, is the paradox more seeming than real?

Ceb. Why not, Socrates?

Soc. It is to be assumed that reason leads not to truth; this, because office is to be denied to reason save as such office is an associate of the senses. Reason is a thing wholly and strictly influenced by the character of brain organization, and it is the case, as has most wisely been affirmed by the eleatic Parmenides, that the highest degree of thought comes from the highest degree of brain organization. How, then, should it be otherwise than that reason is a false measure, seeing that it is a something dependent on the accidents of a construction, and not a thing immutable and unchangeable in itself?

Ceb. But what is to be the argument, Socrates?

Soc. This, Cebes: that reason cannot be a reliable staff upon which to lean, seeing that by no possibility can this show the same thing in the same manner to any two persons. That it is not by means of a man's mind that he can come to know himself: yet that there exists a means through which a man may as surely arrive at such knowledge, as that the almighty God is a self-acquainted entity.

Ceb. To know thus much, Socrates, would seem to possess one with the wisdom of life.

Soc. It was not unlikely so esteemed by the oracle. Give heed, Cebes, and you too, Simmias, and Apollodorus, and all others who would make an excursion. It was one of no less repute than our other master, Pythagoras, who persisted in declaring that in the number One was to be settled the principle of existence. Has any one understood the Samian? Did the mathematician comprehend himself? Come, my friends; it is in the arcana of nature, and not amid the marts of these busy moderns that to-day we find ourselves. Let us, unmindful of aberrant lessons, set ourselves to the contemplation of that wherein exists, and out of which arises, all instruction. Let us renew our converse concerning the SOUL — for if it be that any among us shall find himself assisted to the apprehension of this TOTALITY, then in truth must it be that life may con-

tain no mysteries, or possess no riddles, the solutions to which this favored one shall not find within himself. It is a place of quiet and profound peace, this in which we find ourselves. A cemetery, people call it; these many stones scattered around cover, they say, dust that is dead. Ah! happy provision of nature that all this earth has lost understanding of fevers that preyed on it and which consumed it—yet that it is dust for which new wings are fledging. But wisdom is not in a grave, Cebes, and therefore may not arise out of it. Yet, of all seats to be sought by the contemplative, none may have preference over that where tombstones are found under the willows. Heed, my friends; here evidently is the grave of one who consumed the privileges of existence in eating, drinking, and sleeping. Perhaps his dog rots with him. Why not? a dog eats and drinks and sleeps, and then rots.—"Was born"—"Died"—this is all the history. Here is a monument, a mausoleum made up of many pieces; perhaps it represents well the life of the sleeper—a piece here, and a piece there, stolen from the happiness of other people. There are blurs in the marble—not fewer, perhaps, than were in the life—yet, as marble turns to dust, white and black go together—the black spots are fading as well from the mold beneath. Nature will again try the quarry—hoping for better productions.

Here lies one, pronounced by his marble, an orator.

No memories tell us beyond the name. Has his breath, Cebes, gone with the winds, and has not Anaximenes his own?

This is the grave of one who wrote many books, but nothing has been left above ground; it is a grave, indeed, Cebes, and so Matter must try in fresh form for immortality,—the many verses were lines from the mind; mind is a function of the brain; a brain is dust—no soul moved the fingers of this writer.

How great, my friends, must have been the wealth that reared the pile we now look upon: yet the name it bears has no familiar sound.—A life, no doubt, was this, which took into itself a multitude of other lives—consuming them, not for immortality, but for the purposes of nature—correlating, correlating, yet all to no end,—and so all these many lives which lie beneath the stone have alone the meaning of the mold of the trunk of this great cherry-tree, which, in its season, produced not, and which, as is fitting, rots not less humbly than the man as it lies in the shade of his marble. Yet, perhaps, another period shall serve to unite the dust of man and tree, and who will deny that something may not come of the union?—A cherry, perhaps; or, maybe, a man of such stature that the God shall find fitting residence in him—who shall say?

What a great multitude of graves, and yet, all name-

less,— but this is in the way of nature: a million seeds of the thistle-down scattered broadcast; a million ova given to the waters running in from the sea. Which of the multitude of seeds shall produce a plant? which ovum bring forth a fish? It is a blessed privilege of man, my friends, that he lives not after the manner of the chance of thistle-down or fish. The man that craves immortality may possess himself of it, and in exact proportion with his craving and his longing will he share of it; and when immortality comes to a man, then has come, as well, eternity. So it is that in each day such a man experiences the fulness of living; a day, to such an one, is as a thousand years, and a thousand years might not seem different from a day; the mortal has become subjective to the immortal, and the physical man ceases to have concern or care about what are called life and death, for to his consciousness has come the knowledge that in these there is no distinction. The man whom the God individualizes has lost himself in God; his harmony is in the hand that strikes the chords of his organism. Such a man loses consciousness of himself in exact proportion as the God occupies him. Is it to be wondered at that such become indifferent to the body? Is a God to be ornamented with a silken hat and shoe-buckles? Or is he to be esteemed singular in that his ways differ from those of animals?

And the difference in men lies simply in this, that

some cry diligently to the God that they may be occupied; but others deny the God, and will not let themselves be merged into him; and so, remaining as all other purely matter and force composed things, these may not, of possibility, find themselves of different constitution or signification. To such, death would seem to mean just what disintegration means to a stone, or what decomposition means to the dog or horse. There is here nothing that can retain a sense of individuality, and when we bury such from our sight we have given their personality to nature.

Of all inquiries which it concerns men to make, that is the most important which considers the soul — the Ego.

> "Ignoratur enim, quæ sit natura animi:
> Nati sit: an, contra, nascentibus insinuetur;
> Et simul intereat nobiscum morte diremter;
> An tenebras Orci visat, vastaque lacunas,
> An pecudes alias divinitas insinuet se."

And is the poet right in thus declaring man's ignorance of himself? Whether the soul be born with a man, or be infused into him at birth? Whether it dies with the body and with the material returns to earth? Or whether it passes into other animals? Not right, but wrong, is he; for it does expose itself that a soul may be known as is a body, and he who finds himself

attuned may turn his eyes inward and behold the Ego. This did Plotinus and his fellow mystics make plain at a period allied with the time when Phædo conversed with us; for did not the soul of Philo come to a surface where it was seen of such as might behold it? And has not this same thing been observed, only, however, after a different manner, by the wise Lucretius, who declares for a nature that is corporeal of the mind?

> Corpoream naturam animi esse necesse est
> Corporis quoniam telis istique laborat.

It is not unknown to us, Cebes, neither was it unfamiliar in the olden time, that philosophy, whether theological, positive, or metaphysical, advances only, and always, towards a single something, which something is felt and recognized to be all things in itself — the origin and cause of life — the entity, of which images and signs are the expression. And furthermore, the learned fail not to understand that while multitudinous names are applied by the ages to this entity — to this abstract something — yet it has ever had, and may only continue to have, a common meaning and signification to all. Thus, whether the appellation be "Ego," as used by ourselves; "One," as it was named by Pythagoras; "Mind," as our master Anaxagoras called it; or whatever the title employed — as "Idea" by our pupil Plato; Ormus, by the Persian; "Brama"

by the Indian; Zeus, as by the Macedonian: or, to come to these modern people, "Idee," as by the German Hegel; "Substance," as by the wonderful Spinoza — no matter what the name, a common thing and principle stands out and forth as the representative, and through no argument may this one be resolved into the many, except as such *many* pertain to phenomena. Heed, Cebes; if I am wrong as to this conclusion, are their none amongst you who will refute me? Truly are we not without learning sufficient to a refutation, if any refutation there be. Have we not together studied "De Rerum Naturâ," peering with Lucretius through lights and shadows? Have we not with Shungie plucked from the orbit, and eaten, the left eye of a great chief with hope of increasing the outlook of our own? What has Plutarch told of Osiris and Isis that we do not know? And what has Vishnu Purana spoken of Brahm that we have not comprehended? Have we not heeded the Yasna, drank of the waters of the Talmud, and with a "John" searched through the mysteries of the Logos? Notice the great rock, Cebes, upon whose broad face we now sit holding discourse; see the sun-illumined stream winding its way amid the green things of its shores; look at the brown ridges in the ploughed land out of which just now are rising the potato stems; behold yon clump of deep-tangled briars in which the birds are holding high revel. And still

as well, Cebes, let memory carry thy gaze to that water on which together we have so often looked from the Piræus; these things, to me, Cebes, are living beings. Is not the soul, said Bharata to Sauriva's king, one, uniform, perfect, exempt from birth, omnipresent, undecaying, mode of true knowledge, disassociated with unrealities? Ignorance alone it is which enables Maya to impress the mind with sense of individuality; for as soon as that is dispelled, it is known that severalty exists not, and that there is nothing but one individual whole.

Ceb. I, for one, listen not further, if it is designed to show that severalty exists not.

Soc. Foolish Cebes, are we not in ourselves argument to the contrary? What everlasting peace, Cebes, seems the fixedness of this great stone; how the potato stems seem as if coming forth to a feast of sunshine, and which indeed they do; how glad-voiced are the birds in the briar-tangle. I think, as we sit here, Cebes, that these things are as though the Omnipresent has said, I will be all voice, all ear, all eye. For think you, Cebes, that God could exist, and not be glad? And is not creation glad? In what resides gladness, if not in fitness? And is not all fitted? Winter to summer, spring to harvest; the water to the valley; the tuber to the earth; birds to briar-tangles, and the rock to solidity?—But this touches not our argument. Heed, my friend, I will show you something not less strange

than severalty existing in individuality. Follow closely, else will you not understand me.

Ceb. The argument is to show "Who, and what is man," past, present, and to come.

Soc. You are right, Cebes; what he is, what he has been, and what he will be.

Ceb. By an *a priori* or an *a posteriori* showing.

Soc. By both — backwards and forwards, forwards and backwards.

Imprimis, Cebes, it may not be denied, and must therefore be admitted, that the judgments made by a THING cannot pass beyond that which is the capability possessed by the THING to form or make a judgment. Such capability, as belonging to man — to the natural man — is seen to reside in the number, character, and nature of the SENSES: therefore, man's means of knowing, having existence alone in the senses, he can opine of the world only as the world exhibits itself through these senses.

Ceb. This is not to be denied.

Soc. Judgment, then, is as the media which shows the thing that is to be judged?

Ceb. Why not?

Soc. It was one of not less repute than Protagoras who affirmed, "*that things are what they seem to be.*" Is this right, Cebes?

Ceb. It would seem to be right, Socrates.

Soc. When a man looks upon the earth through a piece of red-colored glass, the ground is seen to be red; or if the pigment be blue, then is everything blue; or if green, then all is green. Is the thing looked upon, Cebes, of all these shades?

Ceb. By Jupiter, it may be none of them.

Soc. Then are we to say that the sophist is wrong, and that a thing is not necessarily what it seems to be?

Ceb. This may but be right; but what say you, Socrates, that a thing is?

Soc. I would put it in this way: A thing is, *to the uses of* the senses, what to the senses it seems to be.

Ceb. It is undeniable.

Soc. Judgment is seen, then, to be the same as comprehension?

Ceb. It is the same, assuredly, Socrates.

Soc. If then it be the case that a man possesses no capability beyond the media which signify comprehension, it is impossible that he arrive at truth?

Ceb. It has been proved to be impossible.

Soc. Say rather, Cebes, it would appear that it may be so proven.

Ceb. But the argument is to show that a man may arrive at a knowledge of himself. Did you not just say, Socrates, that a man may come to such knowledge as surely as that the Almighty God is a self-acquainted entity?

Soc. You quote me not wrong, Cebes; that is what I said.

Ceb. But you have just exhibited that the senses are the only media of knowledge, and at the same time you have shown that information coming through the senses cannot be reliable. Wherein do you differ, Socrates, from Anaxagoras?

Soc. Not so fast, Cebes; I said the senses of organic life. Has a man not more than these?

Ceb. By Jupiter, I understand nothing of your meaning.

Soc. Is there any difference, Cebes, between a man and an ox?

Ceb. Assuredly it would seem not, Socrates, providing that the two be found endowed alike with common senses.

Soc. But is it not affirmed of the one that it is mortal, and of the other that it is immortal? How is this, Cebes? Is the affirmative true, or is it the case that if the one be mortal the other likewise must be, or if immortal, so also must be the other?

Ceb. I may only maintain that unless some difference be shown to exist, what the one is, that also must the other be.

Soc. What do you understand, Cebes, by these senses of organic life of which we are speaking?

Ceb. That there are six means through which a man

learns — as sight, taste, smell, hearing, and touch, the latter being of two kinds, special and general.

Soc. And you know of no other media of information either for men or brutes?

Ceb. What others can there be?

Soc. And the brutes, alike with men, you will maintain, are found possessed of these senses?

Ceb. It requires not, that attempt be made to show that this is the case.

Soc. You must hold then, of necessity, Cebes, that if Hades exists, brutes, equally with men, are its occupants.

Ceb. You say right, Socrates; this I hold.

Soc. But is not man, some men — yourself, let us say, Cebes, to make a good example — found possessed of a concept of certain things of which brutes never have exhibited expression?

Ceb. By Jupiter! you say right, Socrates. Of the Thunderer himself, as an illustration.

Soc. Well exampled, Cebes, yet no man has ever touched, tasted, smelled, seen, or heard a God.

Ceb. Pardon, Socrates. On such showing it is impossible that a man can know that there is a God; yet it is seen that a multitude of even the most simple people possess such knowledge.

Soc. But not all people?

Ceb. By Jupiter! no, Socrates; some of the Positiv-

ists, for example. But are you to pretend that there is a difference in men? or, to put it in other words, that the men who do not know God are like the brutes, and that there are others who possess a something not common to this organic life of which we are speaking? these being the ones who have this knowledge?

Soc. Must this not be the case, Cebes, unless that you can show that God is to be known either by being touched, smelled, tasted, heard, or seen?

Ceb. On the showing of the argument, I know not how to deny it.

Soc. But you affirm that some men know of God?

Ceb. Wherever man exists, there is found, in some form or other, this knowledge.

Soc. How is it as to where other animals exist?

Ceb. It would not seem that a knowledge of God is found apart from man.

Soc. Is this not still another paradox that you are making, Cebes? You see and say that two things are alike, and yet in the same breath declare a dissimilarity. Let me see, however, if I can help you out, for if things are alike, then surely can they not be unlike, and if they are unlike it is quite impossible that they should be alike. There is, then, difference or no difference.

Ceb. How not?

Soc. And if it be not the case that brutes know of God, then neither can man have such knowledge, unless that the one differs from the other?

Ceb. So it would seem to be, Socrates.

Soc. Neither, unless a difference can be shown, is it possible to deny immortality to brutes, if such a prerogative be insisted on for man?

Ceb. It is not possible.

Soc. We must show then that a man possesses something that the brute does not, if we would have any reason for believing the former immortal?

Ceb. This, Socrates, must surely be shown.

Soc. But in such showing, might it not come out that there are many men not unlike brutes?

Ceb. How not? Melitus, for example.

Soc. What is to be done with such men, Cebes?

Ceb. Such, by the showing, are not men, but brutes; unless, indeed, some other name be selected as a mark to them who have this something not possessed by the others.

Soc. You shall make what distinction you will, Cebes, but you will find the line a hard one to draw.

Ceb. Give name, Socrates, to this something which makes a distinction of such importance.

Soc. It is a something never seen in the brute, not always in man, yet which finds that which is capable of receiving and holding it alone in the human being. Suppose that we call it MIND, Cebes?

Ceb. We will call it mind, Socrates, if so be this please you.

Soc. But what do you esteem as mind, Cebes?

Ceb. Mind is that which moves matter, or it is a something that comes out of matter, and which thinks.

Soc. Then it cannot be mind; for not only brutes, but even vegetables, possess this you describe, and our premise now is that human beings are alone capable to it. Shall we then try again, Cebes? and might we venture to name this something INTELLIGENCE?

Ceb. You mock me, Socrates?

Soc. I appeal to Simmias. Are we not at a dead-lock, Simmias, unless that we discover a something in man never met with in other forms of life?

Sim. It needs not to be argued, Socrates.

Ceb. It is not at all difficult, Socrates, to perceive that this last is not the thing we seek, for intelligence characterizes, to a greater or lesser extent, all animals.

Soc. You correct me happily, Cebes; it cannot be intelligence. Might it not, however, be the something that we call INNATE, as, for example, the religious sentiment?

Ceb. It is this, Socrates, for surely will it not be possible to find the religious in brutes.

Soc. Yet, as I bethink me, Cebes, it cannot be an innate sentiment or thing, because, as we were compelled to agree, it must be a something found alone in man, and it just comes to me to perceive that innate and instinct mean the same; and as, undeniably, the

instinctive is more marked in the lower animals than in man, the advantage would be given to the brutes by the admission of such a premise.

Ceb. By Jupiter, Socrates, I see not how it could be otherwise.

Soc. Shall we call it, then, INDIVIDUALITY?

Ceb. Neither this, Socrates, for one has not to observe for much space of time even the most insignificant of insects before that he perceives an inclination in each to look out for itself.

Soc. Shall we call it, then, a SENSE?

Ceb. This truly, Socrates, providing that we have not already exhausted these attributes, and that it may be shown there is a seventh sense, which sense is peculiar to man.

Soc. Has a brute, Cebes, the quality of APPREHENSION?

Ceb. Meaning by this, what, Socrates?

Soc. Meaning a perception of things which are not to be tasted, smelled, heard, seen, or felt.

Ceb. Surely, Socrates, no brute ever exhibited possession of such a quality.

Soc. Neither brutes of high degree nor of low?

Ceb. Neither reptiles which are the lowest, nor elephants which are the highest, Socrates.

Soc. Is any character of knowledge to be found in man which may not possibly have come to him through the inlets of the organic senses?

Ceb. I hesitate to make answer, Socrates.

Soc. Yet you say that man knows of the existence of God. Does man comprehend God, Cebes?

Ceb. Why not?

Soc. We have been compelled to see that to comprehend a thing is to have judgment of it; and, as well, did we acquaint ourselves with the fact that judgment is that perception which arises out of the uses of the animal senses. How then, Cebes, is it possible to have comprehension of a thing never seen, felt, tasted, heard, or smelled?

Ceb. How not, Socrates?

Soc. But man knows God, and yet it is seen that he may not have come to such acquaintance through comprehension. Must there not, then, of necessity, Cebes, be an inlet of knowledge to man, which is a something distinct from the senses which subserve the purposes of his needs as an animal?

Ceb. We must deny that he knows God, or otherwise agree to what you suggest, Socrates.

Soc. We assume as undeniable the responsibility of the senses of organic life to the offices of an organism in which they are found: the Sight shows the precipice, Sensation distinguishes fire. This, Cebes, you understand?

Ceb. Nothing may be more plain.

Soc. Comprehension, then, resides in reason. Let

us see how very fallible a thing this reason is. Reason may not justly and truly explain even that which is within the province of its judgment, inasmuch as it has its lessons alone through the senses; and the nature, number, and character of these so vary that it is impossible that like impressions be conveyed to all. Thus, an apple is a thing that has taste, or, it is a thing that is without taste, according as it is judged of by a man who possesses the peculiar appreciative sense or who is deficient in it. It is a thing having odor, or, it is a thing scentless,—as olfaction happens to be present or absent. No man may take it on himself to describe an apple; and yet, whatever an apple seems to be to any particular individual, that same thing it surely is to that person. To a blind man an apple is a fruit having taste, smell, sound, substance, but it is a thing minus color; to him who is paralytic it is a something yielding no impression to touch; to the deaf it has no crackle in it when pressed; if a man could be found entirely deficient in the senses of an organism, an apple would be, to this one, a nothing.

Ceb. Or if a man could be found having an added sense or senses, an apple would be to such what it has never been discovered to be by any other?

Soc. This surely would be the case, Cebes; a thing is according to the senses by which it is judged.

Ceb. Then is it not the case that things are not, in

themselves, but that the existence lies wholly in a something that is a percipient?

Soc. Wiser than we, my dear Cebes, hold this.

Ceb. Who? to name one or more.

Soc. The subjective philosophers, Plato, among the ancients; he whom they call the Idealist, among the moderns.

Ceb. What do such say?

Soc. Your memory is strangely at fault, Cebes. Let me recall your wandering wits. Heed, if what I quote be not of familiar sound.

Idea is the essence or reality of a thing. For instance, there is a multiplicity of beds and tables.

"Certainly."

But these two kinds are comprised, one under the idea of a bed, and the other under the idea of a table?

"Without doubt."

And we say that the carpenter who makes one of these articles, makes the bed or the table according to the idea he has of each. For he does not make the idea itself. That is impossible.

"Truly that is impossible."

Well, now, what name shall we bestow on the workman whom I am going to name?

"What workman?"

Him who makes what all other workmen make separately.

"You speak of a powerful man."

Patience! you will admire him still more. This workman has not only the talent of making all the works of art, but also all the works of nature, plants, animals, everything else, — in a word, himself. He makes the heaven, the earth, the gods, everything in heaven, earth, or hell.

"You speak of a wonderful workman, truly."

You seem to doubt me. But tell me, do you think there is no such workman? or do you think that in one sense any one could do all this, but in another no one could? Could you not yourself succeed in a certain way?

"In what way?"

It is not difficult; it is often done, and in a short time. Take a mirror and turn it round on all sides. In an instant you will have made the sun, the earth, yourself, the animals and plants, works of art, and all we mentioned.

"Yes, the images, the appearances, but not the real things."

Very well, you comprehend my opinion. The painter is a workman of this class, is he not?

"Certainly."

You will tell me that he makes nothing real, although he makes a bed in a certain way?

"Yes; but it is only an appearance, an image."

And the carpenter; is the bed which he makes anything more than a certain bed; it is not that which is the idea or essence of the bed?

"It is not."

If, then, he does not make the idea of a bed, he makes nothing real, but only something which represents that which really exists. And if any one maintain that the carpenter's work has a real existence, he will be in error.

Ceb. But is there not something in way of demonstration to show that the world is not merely subjective?

Soc. The demonstration lies within a man's self. That which thinks, Is.* The nervous system of a man is

* Rene Des Cartes, the founder of modern philosophy (1596), gained what seems to be a strictly reliable basis upon which to construct a system when he assumed that, in order to find truth, one must start in the denial of any or every thing that has not in itself the demonstration of its own reality. Any one who attempts such manner of inquiry will be compelled to find, with the Torrainean, that an only thing which possesses such a capability is self-consciousness as this exists in THINKING. TO THINK, is necessarily TO BE. Hence the famous Cartesian aphorism, "Cogito, ergo sum." Farther on in this dialogue we shall assume to show that it is the brain which thinks; the thinking being an organic expression. If we succeed in such showing, we demonstrate that matter exists. Surely this would be an undeniable conclusion, if To Think is To Be. That which exists — being evident to the senses of an animal — is necessarily objective; that is, it is objective in the same way and manner as that which is the percipient is objective.

That which thinks; the nervous system is Matter — Matter makes up the world. But whist, Cebes, this all in good turn. You doubt not, my friend, that a judgment which is not to be relied upon to tell us of an apple which one holds in the hand, stands in very little place when one attempts to reason about God?

Ceb. I see plainly that judgment can tell nothing at all about God. It is evident, that by learning, God cannot be found out, or that search will not discover him.

Soc. Still, he is known?

Ceb. He is known indeed, Socrates.

Soc. Let us hasten to the understanding of that which they who apprehend, tell us.

Ceb. But first, Socrates, I check my curiosity to understand somewhat more of this subjectiveness. What says the modern to whom you have alluded?

Soc. It is not delay, Cebes; for to know of Berkeley and of Idealism, is to find ourselves put far on the way.

Ceb. If I am not wrong, Socrates, this man was accounted as possessed of great virtue?

Soc. Virtuous and learned and noble, was he, above all the men of his time, Cebes. And yet all this goodness was, perhaps, no merit to the man.

Ceb. You speak a paradox.

Soc. The martyr was a god.

Ceb. It is well, Socrates, that this is two thousand years after.

Soc. Was not Christ a God, Cebes?

Ceb. You blaspheme, Socrates.

Soc. Save your strictures, Cebes, and answer; yes or no.

Ceb. Only the foolish deny it.

Soc. And was not Christ a man?

Ceb. Meaning by this, what, Socrates?

Soc. You are dull, Cebes; meaning that his body would bleed when wounded, and that his flesh when pierced and torn would breed scars; meaning that his locomotion was by means of muscles, and that his uprightness in posture lay in the foundations of a skeleton.

Ceb. He truly was born, and grew apace, as other men.

Soc. But he was not like other men.

Ceb. You confound and confuse me, Socrates. And if I was not in confidence as to the coming out, I would fear to be longer a listener.

Soc. The God and Christ are one, Cebes; and withal, England has seen no such God-man as Berkeley.

Ceb. How could people see a God?

Soc. Not with their eyes, Cebes; so that all who had not other means of beholding, called the good bishop a fool.

Ceb. It was natural, then, that Christ should have been deemed an impostor?

Soc. Like may only be known by like; such alone called him God as were themselves more than mortal.

Ceb. Must a man, then, be as a God in order to know God?

Soc. Your judgment shall be after the argument, Cebes. But heed of the Idealist. Here was a man who tutored his body into such complete subjection to the infinite, that in the end he lost consciousness of the existence of his mortal parts, and came to deny that anything like matter had being outside of the perceptions. How, Cebes, should such an one be tempted as are common men — meaning, by being tempted, to exhibit animal appetites and weakness — seeing that these appetites were not present with him, their place being occupied by that other something of which we are to discourse?

The philosophers, Cebes, are often ridiculed for distinguishing between the not self and the self; but hold you ever in mind, that it is the philosophers who are the wise men, and that they are the silly who deride their distinctions. A Nearches cannot pound a Zeno in a mortar.

Imprimis, Cebes, it is to be understood that bodily traits are of temperament, and of the disposition of parts; so that, as the animal attributes of a man are concerned, the human differs in no respect from the common brute creation — the one race having alike with the other,

passions, wants, and necessities; and having, for the direction, government, and provision of these, certain instincts which constitute the laws of an animal organization. This being understood — and the truthfulness of it requires no controversy — it is to be recognized, that in the actions of men, unrestrained and uninfluenced, we are to expect that same difference which we perceive to distinguish the brutes; these being found, mild or fierce, tractable or intractable, according to the humors of each. But heed, Cebes. A man is more, or better saying it, he may be more, than an animal. To man there may be solicited *that*, which, when it is taken into him, and when it is allowed to become his director and guide, is found to introduce him to greater pleasure than any known to the instincts, and when a man courts this higher something as his supreme controller, giving himself up fully to its direction, he is led to find a happiness and an elevation in living of which the common man — the pointer of pins — knows nothing.

And here it is, Cebes, that we are to find the origin of that idea of original sin about which men so unnecessarily bother themselves. It is not that in man exists an evil principle, unless indeed it can be shown that the instincts are evil; and to show this, would be to discover error in the Creator. The rather is it, that things which are called of evil and depravity are of ill-seeming only through being brought into conflict with

that which is of other origin and nature. Heed, my Cebes. We are to consider a wonderful paradox, namely, that a man may have a soul, and that a man may be without a soul; and if such a distinction be shown to exist, it is seen that the difference between what is called a good man and what is esteemed a bad one, lies simply in this — that the one is a creature living solely and wholly in the laws of an animal organization; the other has been raised through an added element into a something higher. I will show you, Cebes, that what are called the faults and follies of the one class, are to be treated with that leniency with which we consider the vices of brutes; it will, on the other hand, exhibit itself, that the actions of a God are to be judged by the attributes of a God. That then, which — when found in man — is deemed of evil in the abstract, will be seen to be nothing else than organization; and it may not of possibility have any more of demerit in it than has the ferociousness of a panther's cub, or than is to be esteemed, as in itself commendable, the playfulness of a cat's kitten — both alike are expressions of organization, and the ferociousness is as natural as the gentleness, the bite as natural as the play.

Ceb. By such showing no wrong is to be found?

Soc. By such showing, charity is to find sympathy for the natural actions of animals, whether these animals be in shape like unto brutes or men. Heed, Cebes! The

law of the man is the law of the association in which he finds himself. Everything is wrong which produces discomfort; everything is right which yields pleasure. To distinguish, then, between pain and pleasure, is to discriminate between wrong and right. Evil and good are correlative, and the evil of to-day may well prove to be the good of the morrow, as, on the other hand, it has been often enough found that a good of one hour is the sting and smart of another. It was only a week back, as well we recall, that my horse, snapping his rein, did take to those strong swift strides, which, when practised in the fields of his pasturage, we have, together, so often extolled, because of the metal and fleetness found in them; yet did the road, upon which this time he ran, lead to a precipice; and thus that which we had pronounced good proved an instrument of destruction. And may either of us forget the suffering which came even to yourself, Cebes, from the abuse of things, natural and good in themselves? When Lucon drowned himself at the spring, it was only that he employed unwisely and inexpediently a thing which, to all his previous years, had had for him the meaning of that very life which at the last it destroyed. So what was it that Zuras said of family ties grown cumbersome to him? And did we not admit with him that he had natural right to tire of whom he would, and that he might, in the proprieties of the same nature,

take up whatsoever of the new that he elected? Yet this has not been found expedient by Zuras, for now is he seen to be of all men not only the most delinquent, but the one most dissatisfied and wretched. Is it not, then, wise, Cebes, that a man deny the directions of the instincts as hastily as possible? not for the reason that these lead wrong, but because it is known that there are pleasanter and better ways in which one may walk. As for ourselves, we will assuredly not find that we are wrong in agreeing with Epicurus that the pleasures of the body are not to be compared with those of the soul, and while we may take to ourselves no credit for being of better natural parts than is Zuras, yet do we demonstrate, through what we get from life, that we are of wiser action; for while it is seen that our friend has a home which is little different from a kennel, others—they who are opposite to him in practice—do find his barren spot the most bountiful and gracious oasis of existence. And yet, Cebes, both kennel and home—as it is not to be denied—find their signification in a law of association; for did Zuras live where alone snarl dogs and foxes, and where the hospice is unknown, he might not discover the loss of anything—he would be poor to wretchedness; albeit, he would know nothing of the absence of wealth. Is all this not well put by Herillus, where he so ably shows that circumstances and events change the mean-

ing of good, just as the same piece of brass might become a statue either of Alexander, or, — let us say, of Cebes? And was I not right when I gave it as an aphorism to Thætetus, that whatever things appear just and honorable to each city, these are so to that city so long as it thinks them so?

There are demigods, Cebes, and these walk the earth, and in seeming are like common men; but there is a great, even if an unseen, difference — they are not as common men. Who, in all Leyden, was like unto the student Heinsius, as he sat in the lap of eternity amongst the divine souls? And what but the God carried Æneas in his flight from Dido? It is not difficult to show that a man possesses, or may possess, a something, which pertains not to the capability of the brute.

No error is so great, no one so destructive to the true purpose and intent of living, as that which considers what is ordinarily called success, as necessarily the true success. No advantage can be a true gain, in which the signification is temporary; no accumulation can have the meaning of riches, where the coin has currency in the day alone on which it has been gathered; yet these are the advantages that a multitude seek, and which, when secured, receive the plaudits of a greater multitude. Is the meaning plain, Cebes? Is it the soul which is to govern the body, or

is it the body that is to govern the soul? Or shall we consider that I spoke the full truth when I affirmed, formerly, that a soul while imprisoned in a body might not live its life of wisdom? It is a little thing, and quick done with, this present of ours, yet where is the man but that refuses to enjoy it? Not that men are wise, and in an understanding of the transitory character of a present, seek to lay up treasures for use in some other day that shall be longer; quite the contrary—that other day is the last thing that enters into the calculation. Heed, Cebes, a demigod is that man whose soul is strong enough to coerce the body. As an example, a better, perhaps, might not be pointed out than this same Idealist, whose fulness and strength of soul were so great that he might not esteem matter as being anything else than a subjective existence; and yet, my friend, all the learning of Cloyne's bishop did not save the great and good man from the slurs and innuendoes of the pin-pointers — but the ridicule did not make a pin-pointer out of the demigod.

One is to understand of Idealism, Cebes, in understanding that God's ways are not as are men's ways, and that in proportion as a human draws to himself a soul, so, in like proportion, does matter become annihilated to him. This, I think, is all, Cebes; although the philosophers, when they discourse of Idealism, do not put it after this manner, but speak rather somewhat thus:

All sensation, they would say, is to be found within a man's self. What any one thinks that he sees or handles or hears, this he perceives within his own consciousness, and not as an object which has existence in itself. The existence of a thing lies in the idea of the thing; and as an idea may only exist to the consciousness, so a thing cannot be anything else than subjective.

Ceb. Would the Idealist say that a brick is not a brick, or that a tree which stands in one's way is not at all in the place where it seems to be? If he says thus, does he speak else than nonsense, Socrates?

Soc. You forget our own definition, Cebes: "a thing is, to the uses of the senses, what to the senses it seems to be." Whether a thing exists as object or subject, makes no jot of difference as the needs and necessities of the conscious man are concerned. A brick is found to answer the purpose of the wall, and what serves the meaning of fruit is plucked from a tree. One has no concern to trouble himself as to whether bricks or trees are external or internal.

Ceb. You say that this founder was of great learning?

Soc. He was inspired, Cebes — as men are inspired who speak the words of the God within them.

Ceb. I think, Socrates, that we have here come to an involvement from which we shall scarcely extricate ourselves. You accept, with Des-Cartes, that conscious-

ness is existence, and you have declared your intention and ability to show that consciousness has existence alone in a brain, and that a brain is matter — transferring thus existence from an idea to an object. Now you accept, as using the speech of the God, one who separates consciousness from matter, denying any objective existence to the latter. See, Socrates, the God separates what you put together.

Soc. What if we should say, Cebes, that consciousness is subjective to the God?

Ceb. We are extricated, Socrates; and it is seen that the God makes a world by the simple act of turning a thought to its creation.

Soc. How would you explain this, Cebes?

Ceb. Nothing is easier. Objects being things having existence alone in consciousness, we have only to assume that in like manner consciousness is subjective to the mind of the God; just as you put it, Socrates; and thus, understanding, of our own consciousness, how things are made to us, we are at no loss in perceiving how the God, even by so simple a means as an act of thought, may make not only men and other animals, but as well a world. Why, even a man, Socrates, can do much of the same thing, and indeed, according to this showing, he is constantly engaged in creating.

Soc. Yet, Cebes, these Christians, among whom we find ourselves, dispute as to the ability of the God to resurrect their bodies.

Ceb. Do such not see, Socrates, that in every dream they of themselves perform this miracle?

Soc. It is strange, Cebes; but they see it not, even though it be so plain. But now that there are no Eleven to prevent, let us separate, for I perceive that Apollodorus gives much evidence of weariness. To-morrow we will have the argument and demonstration, and with the God's help we shall not then part until we know, even as we are known.

SOUL.

THE SOUL.

Soc. The argument, Cebes, is founded on the quality of what we have defined as APPREHENSION.

As man knows himself and finds himself, so he is able, directly and indirectly, to recognize the existence of seven senses: 1, of Sight; 2, of Taste; 3, of Smell; 4, of Hearing; 5, of Special Touch; 6, of General Sensation; and 7, of Apprehension. The first six of these, as we have felt ourselves compelled to acknowledge, are common to man and the animals at large. The seventh is not necessarily a possession of man, yet, when met with, is found in the human alone.

Whatever, *in reality*, things may be, things are to the uses of the senses what to the senses they seem to be; and a thing, anything, howsoever different it may appear to different people, is, to the uses of each person, what, to the sense which would employ it, it seems to

that sense to be. This, Cebes, we will consider as established, unless indeed the keen power of analysis that lies within you may discover a weakness, and thus demolish the assumption.

Ceb. My thoughts have done nothing but consider the definition, Socrates, since yester-noon it was given by you. I accept it as irrefutable. It is a wonderful definition, for I cannot but see that it completely reconciles even such opposites as the subjective and objective philosophies.

Sim. It is your Dæmon, Socrates, that has spoken the word.

Soc. You understand me, then; the senses have office — one sense sees, another tastes, a third hears, a fourth smells, a fifth and sixth touch. What, now, Cebes, is the office of this seventh? for surely, if it is a sense, it may not be without office of some kind or other.

Ceb. I do not forget, Socrates, that we have pronounced it to be the sense which has to do with the something which distinguishes the capabilities of the man from other animals.

Soc. Well remembered, Cebes. Then, as no office is found for this sense as relation is had with the material wants, and as a sense may not exist without office, so the demonstration is to be considered as complete that it is the instrument of man's relation with the God.

Ceb. Does a sense exist elsewhere than in itself?

Soc. What penetration you exhibit, Cebes. But let us see. What is a Sense? For instance, what would you call the sense of sight?

Ceb. I would say that the sense of sight is an instrument composed of eyes, optic nerves, and lobes; these constituting a system whose office it is to see.

Soc. And would you say that if there was no such a system as this, that then there would be no such a thing as sight?

Ceb. It shows itself to be as you say.

Soc. Remember, Cebes, you have admitted that the measure of things exists alone in the senses. Do you mean us to understand by this, that things appreciated and understood alone through Sight would have no existence to a man who is without this system or sense that you have so learnedly named?

Ceb. How might it be otherwise, Socrates?

Soc. And would you further say that if there was in the world no such a thing as the sense of sight, that then likewise all things which are seen, would have no existence, as sight is concerned?

Ceb. This I say.

Soc. And suppose, Cebes, that all the senses by which men know the world were abolished?

Ceb. Then it follows, Socrates, that there would be no world.

Soc. What say you, Simmias; is the conclusion right?

Sim. I see not how Cebes may say otherwise.

Soc. Give heed, Cebes. You have proven to our satisfaction that sight exists in Sight, and likewise of the other senses that the meaning of each lives in a same manner. Now, what is that sense which tells us about the God?

All. Oh! Socrates.

Soc. Give it name, Cebes.

Ceb. I am overwhelmed, and dare not speak the word.

Soc. How is it, Cebes, with men who do not know the God?

Ceb. It follows necessarily, Socrates, that they do not differ from the brutes.

Soc. A man differs from a brute, then, in proportion to the quality and amount of the sense of Apprehension found with him?

Ceb. On the showing; this is to be accepted.

Soc. Then, if a man be met with who, being deficient in those common senses which conduce to earthly lore, or having them of such mean quality that the judgment and thinking that come of them are beneath commendation; if such a man be found possessed in abundance of the seventh sense, shall it prove to be the case that this one knows more of God than may a multitude of brighter men?

Ceb. It seems to me, Socrates, that we have only to put it thus: If a multitude be deficient in the sense

of Sight, and one be found greatly endowed in such quality, shall not this latter see things clearer and better than may all the others, even if put together?

Soc. You comprehend me, Cebes. Who knows of the God is told by the God. In proportion as a man knows of the Divinity, so, it would seem, the Divine is within him. Can a man cultivate the sense of Touch, Cebes?

Ceb. Why not?

Soc. Or may the sense of Hearing be enlarged?

Ceb. Witness the refinements of the musicians, Socrates.

Soc. What then follows concerning this sense of Apprehension? Can a man, Cebes, grow the God in himself?

Ceb. It follows as a necessity.

Soc. According, then, as a man cultivates the Divine sense, so is he found to know of that which the sense is; just, indeed, as in proportion to the acuteness of the common senses possessed by him is he found able to tell well, or indifferently, of what is touch, taste, smell, or condition. What we call inspired men are men preëminently endowed with Godliness. Moses had such largess that ages before the physicist had name the sage knew, through the God that occupied him, of the secrets of creation. Christ was so full of the God that all men who have God in them call him

"The God," just, Cebes, as a drop of water might call the lake a sea. Yet in turn did Christ speak of the God: "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani."

Is the God immortal, Cebes?

Ceb. It so declares itself to be, and knowing necessarily itself, what is affirmed, is.

Soc. But what of a man? Is a man likewise immortal?

Ceb. I may answer only through the argument, Socrates. If God is immortal then man is immortal, and his consciousness of the immortality would seem to be in proportion to the God possessed by him.

Soc. But how about men who do not possess this quality of Godliness?

Ceb. Such, by the showing, cannot be immortal, for, as we have seen, the difference between man and the brute lies alone in this quality, and if men having it not, are immortal, we have seen that brutes likewise must be immortal; and this last is not so by the speaking of the God.

Soc. Then, walking the earth, there are men and God-men — or demigods?

Ceb. The argument would show that it is thus, Socrates.

Soc. Then we are to say that that idea of Pythagoras, that the soul is a necessary circle, is not a just idea? Or rather would you prefer to say, Cebes, that Æthalides

did, indeed, become Euphorbus, and that in turn Euphorbus became Hermotimus; Hermotimus still in turn Pyrrhus, and that yet again Pyrrhus passed into the son of the seal-engraver?

Ceb. I think, Socrates, that it corresponds best with what we opine of the God, to say the latter.

Soc. But what concerning a transmigration through other animals?

Ceb. The argument shows that here the Tyrrhenian was wrong; except, indeed, that it might be shown he was not without understanding of the transmigrations which convert stones into vegetables, vegetables into beasts, and beasts into men, and that thus he understood a Providence which, in the end, brings all things into a circle. Think you that Pythagoras understood this, Socrates?

Soc. You must recall what he said of the monad. But why say you, Cebes, that a metempsychosis corresponds with what a God knows of himself? — we shall say that the God is in Cebes, shall we not?

Ceb. If so be it pleases you, Socrates, you may say that Cebes courts the God. But make answer; is the God, and that which we call Life, anything different?

Soc. They are different, Cebes; that is, different to the extent that one is Cause, the other, Effect.

Ceb. This has not been shown.

Soc. Nothing has as yet been demonstrated; we are coming to this, Cebes.

Ceb. Give it definition, Socrates.

Soc. Will it suit the purpose of what you would say, to esteem it as Severalty existing in Oneness?

Ceb. I stand rebuked, and will not again forget that you have before so named it. And, indeed, I should shame to have to be reminded, because of the alarm it created.

Soc. Use this, then, if it stands your purpose, Cebes.

Ceb. It stands it well, Socrates; for if the God have Severalty, then it follows that the Entity is broken up in its offices, and if broken up in its offices, why should these go out because that a desk breaks down or a roof falls in; the office is not in desk or roof?

Soc. Then we are to esteem Cebes as a Pythagorean?

Ceb. Give heed, Socrates. Would you say that when the God goes out of a man because that the body falls to pieces, that then the God ceases to perform an office, and that an eternity is spent in the stillness and nothingness which come of being without office?

Soc. I would say not thus, Cebes; but the rather agree with what I infer you would say, namely, that the story of Ponticus is true, and that Pythagoras is indeed the son of Mercury.

Ceb. Then are we to say that the God has no better office than that in which a God-man finds himself?

Soc. A God-man is certainly to say this as concern is had to himself, and as regard is had to his offices and influence. Is not the God the happiness and grace of the world, Cebes?

Ceb. This, of necessity.

Soc. How is it, Cebes?

Ceb. I see it all, Socrates. It is through his residence in man.

Soc. Then does it not follow that the God continues as he is known; that is, as a God-man knows himself; for if with each change he should take himself away, and come not back again, what should save the world from having each day, and day after day, somewhat less of that which you say constitutes its happiness and grace?

Ceb. You would say, Socrates, that it is for a man to do his best in a situation in which he finds himself—not troubling the God about any to-morrow.

Soc. I would say, Cebes, that the God has no to-morrow.

MIND.

WHO, AND WHAT IS MAN?

WHO, AND WHAT IS MAN?

Soc. Understand of what has been said, Cebes, through what is now said.

Ceb. Unless, indeed, Socrates, the God has already given me to understand it.

Soc. It is well spoken. And if it be that He fault the present discourse, then is our show of demonstration to be esteemed of less import than the sound of a bell; for this, as we well know, has its tone, not in solidity, but in that which is directly the reverse of this, namely, in emptiness.

Ceb. Give rule, Socrates. How does the God fault a discourse?

Soc. He turns from it, Cebes, as not finding within it that which satisfies. But give heed, and may the God be with us and help us — me, to unravel and explain; you, to comprehend.

We start, Cebes, by assuming the existence — as a comprehensible thing — of a creation, secondary, and, as it is found in that which constitutes its life and movements, external to and independent of any immediate controlling action on the part of a Creator. We assume this, because creation discovers to the understanding two materials, principles, or entities, and two only. The physicist, having these two, finds in them everything which has to do with the earth as it is, and with the phenomena associated with its life. The entities which compose the creation, are Force and Matter.

Exclusion discovers a third ENTITY — an ENTITY apprehensible, but only negatively comprehensible; an ENTITY which this same exclusion shows to have necessarily preceded Force and Matter, and out of which these must have come. Here, Cebes, is the "Idea" of our pupil Plato, and here is the "Substance"— the Noumenon — of Spinoza. No learning, no exploration, no anything, ever has been found able to discover Force and Matter as entities of self-creation.

Ceb. Was it not Spinoza, Socrates, who asserted that in a single entity is the expression of all phenomena? If I remember rightly, he queried somewhat after this manner. In the beginning, he said, was God, and the God was the all. How then may a thing, he asked, even the God, being the all and the everything, create out of itself a thing unlike itself?

Soc. It was the question of a profound logician, Cebes, and it unsettled — unfortunately, and to the great grief of the sage — all men who were not God-men. But have you not, even already, answered the matter for yourself? Did we not recognize that even a man, any man, might do this which the Jew denied even the power of the God to do?

Ceb. I understand, Socrates. You do not say that Spinoza was wrong, but that he erred in using mortal eyes, and in telling of what he saw with an immortal tongue.

Soc. You speak yourself with a poet's tongue, Cebes; Anytus himself might not have put it better; the Jew did indeed forget the difference between his own ears and the ears to which he spoke. But carry your memory back to the admission you made in assenting to that which you acknowledged as reconciling the opposite conclusions of the objective and subjective schools of philosophy.

Ceb. In showing the mistake of Protagoras you have shown the error of Spinoza. I am answered, Socrates.

Soc. Say rather, Cebes, that I show an error in the putting of a thing. But we may go on. Man is of the earth, earthy; this, necessarily, because of his constitution. He may be, or may not be, of the God, godly; he may be without a soul; he may differ in no respect, except in capability, from a brute or from a vegetable.

Ceb. This you are to demonstrate.

Soc. This I am to demonstrate.

Sim. We listen, Socrates, with all interest.

Crito. Socrates would have us physicists as well as philosophers.

Soc. I would have a man know himself.

Sim. A moment, Socrates, if I may be pardoned the interruption. It was one of these moderns in much repute* who, in contradistinction to what you hold, taught his countrymen that the Soul is as a tabula rasa, and that all that comes to it comes from without — that in the infant it is best likened to a sheet of white paper. Do you say that this is error?

Soc. He should have said Mind, Simmias, and then it would not have been error.

Ceb. Simmias emboldens me to add that another of not less character† likened the mind to a block of marble, in which the statue is prefigured by the veins in the block, and that thus all — defect or beauty — is from within, and that nothing is from without. What of this, Socrates?

Soc. It was the error of mistaking Temperament for Mind, and the one was not less wrong than was the other — a sheet is not the table on which it lies. But let us to the demonstration. Shall we begin, Cebes, by

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* Locke. † Leibnitz.

asserting that man is an Automaton, and thus agree with the physicists?

Ceb. This, if so be it pleases you.

Soc. What would you say of a watch, Cebes? is this also an automaton?

Ceb. Meaning by this, just what, Socrates?

Soc. Meaning that it is a machine, which, when once set going, runs the length of its spring without other direction.

Ceb. A man certainly is found to accomplish his functions through a motive power existing within himself.

Soc. A watch is found able to mark the hours and minutes and seconds of a day. How is this, Cebes? has a watch intelligence?

Ceb. By Jupiter, Socrates, you call a smile even to the face of Apollodorus. How can a machine have intelligence? Is your question not the same as though you had asked whether or not a watch possesses a mind?

Soc. Yet, Cebes, let a man question his watch when he will, and it tells him the time of day. Can anything aside from intelligence tell the time of day?

Ceb. I see your meaning, Socrates; intelligence alone may tell the time of day. Truly here is a paradox — a man tells himself the time of day, yet does not himself know what o'clock it is. One's own intelligence has to speak to him through a medium.

Soc. Can an ox speak the time of day, Cebes?

Ceb. I should scarcely like to trust it for the minutes and seconds, Socrates.

Soc. You understand me. Man is a machine; this, and nothing different. Yet is there found within him an intelligence which is to him what the time of day is to the watch. A man may tell another who looks upon him concerning things which are not of himself.

Ceb. But all watches will not tell the time of day?

Soc. Well suggested, Cebes; only such mark the hours as bear the gift of speech.

Ceb. And you would say, Socrates, that a man may be like a watch that runs without direction; that is, moving his hands and crying his tick-tack, yet be utterly lacking in that which is the meaning of his capability?

Soc. There is no difference between a watch and a man except as capability for office is concerned. See, Cebes, we may not of possibility say that the something which tells the time of day is of the watch proper, for it is seen that at times a watch has no more of such direction and office in it than has a stick or stone, yet at other times the meaning of the office is back, and we trust the voice even for the passing seconds. If an intelligence be found at times in a thing, and then again be not found in it, can we say that the intelligence is the thing, or that the thing is the intelligence?

Ceb. By Jupiter, Socrates, we could no more say this

than could we say that a man is the house in which he lives, or that the house is the man.

Soc. Then when the Time of Day is not found in the watch you would not say that Time of Day is dead?

Ceb. Surely this might not be said, Socrates, seeing that watches have been dead, so to speak, for years, and after this the office has been found not less active than ever.

Soc. Then because soul is not found in a body — that soul which is the capability of the human, as the time of day is the capability of the watch — you may not assert that soul is dead?

Ceb. I will never again deny that soul is immortal.

Soc. And what concerning its independence of man? Will you deny that it holds different relation to its temple from that held by intelligence to the watch?

Ceb. I may not deny this, Socrates, seeing that soul is found often enough absent from the body.

Soc. As when, Cebes?

Ceb. As when it is not present with any of these bodies that lie beneath the tombstones.

Soc. A sun-dial tells the time of day; how is this, Cebes?

Ceb. I could have wished the illustration completed, fearing to find myself led from that which has been made so plain.

Soc. It is completed, Cebes, only that we distinguish

between soul and mind as between a watch and dial; the latter being, indeed, nothing different from a sheet of white paper, which receives and shows that which falls upon it.

Ceb. A dial is only a surface. Would you say, Socrates, that this is all that mind is? that it is a thing without intelligence in itself?

Soc. I would say, Cebes, that it is not, in itself, a maker of anything.

Ceb. Is a man of genius, Socrates, not something different, as mind is concerned, from a common man?

Soc. Assuredly. But why do you not as well ask whether a dial of exquisite construction and markings differs from a rude board, out of which is brought the shadow by means of a piece of stick laid across it?

Ceb. You would say, then, that genius has the meaning of an accidental refinement, or arrangement, in the disposition of parts?

Soc. I understand it thus, Cebes.

Ceb. These moderns say that Thought is a function. What is the meaning of this, Socrates?

Soc. What is the function of a sun-dial, Cebes?

Ceb. If I am not wrong, the function of a dial is to show a shadow.

Soc. Does a dial make the shadow that it shows?

Ceb. How might this be, Socrates, seeing that the shadow is a something external to it?

Soc. Yet you say, that to show a shadow is the function of the dial?

Ceb. I may only maintain this.

Soc. Then function consists in a giving forth of that which comes to an organ or instrument?

Ceb. It would seem to be as you say.

Soc. Whatever the quality of a production, are we not then to look upon it as of like signification? that is, as a something received and given back? Heed, Cebes; may Thought be else than a something which has fallen upon a sentient dial? Is there any thought without experience? And is thought not seen to increase, enlarge, and intensify itself according to the scope of observation enjoyed by a man?

Ceb. But you would have us believe that it is not thus with soul?

Soc. The functionings of a soul are from within, and of itself, consequently the outgivings are in no sense reflections. Did not the Christ confound the doctors? From whence, Cebes, were the arguments used by the Christ-child? Surely they were not, in any common sense, experiences, for a thousand ordinary experiences existed with the elders where a single one was to be found with the younger; and yet Age found no speech to urge against Youth. But let us on; our interruptions confuse the demonstration.

A man, the natural man, man as an animal, is found,

when analyzed, to be made up of the two entities to which we have alluded—Matter and Force. In this he is seen to differ in no single respect from any animal or reptile which creeps or crawls over the earth, or from any tree or plant that flourishes upon its surface: there are differences in the arrangement and disposition of particles, but this is all; the matter is the same, the force is the same, and the matter and force are constantly shifting and changing from one thing to another thing, being never continuous in one place or with one individual.

Ceb. Pardon, Socrates, but do you any more than assume the existence of these entities, Matter and Force?

Soc. You lose memory, Cebes. We assume that these exist on the evidences of the senses which perceive them. This has already been explained, and needs no further argument. Whether these are, in reality, things subjective or things objective, makes, as has before been shown, no iota of difference. They exist to the uses of a man as the natural man knows himself and them, and man must accept their reality or be without anything. If these exist not, then man exists not.

Matter appeals to the senses, and to the experiences of the senses, as being an insensible material of which the tangible universe is composed.

Force may be described, after the same judgment, as an energy and power, insensible in itself; being not a result of molecular relation, but the cause of atomic combinations; a thing in itself, as Matter is a thing in itself.

There is no matter without its quota of force: for being without force, matter would be dead, and in the world there is no such a thing as death. Force, then, is that vital principle which is the Expression of life, and in which resides the meaning of automatic action. Has this not been well put by our pupil Plato? "Two efficient causes are there, maintains the broad-headed, namely, that which is moved, and that which moves; the things moved are the receptacles formed by the elements; that which moves is the power of God;" that is, Cebes, that which moves, is an entity which is related to the world somewhat as the Time of Day is related to a watch. Do you comprehend?

Ceb. Perfectly.

Soc. Thus it is that Carneades puts it:

"Nature did make me, and she does together keep me still,
But still the time will come when she will pull me all to pieces."

And thus, by Aristotle: Matter is moved by an Entelechy residing in it, this being the cause of a continuous movement or agitation never found absent. Thus,

too, by a modern: * All things earthy are composed of monads. A monad is an autarchic automaton, being made up of force and matter. Heed still another: † There exists, says this one, a "welt-seele," and this which, in the language of the metaphysician, is a non-ego, is identical with the Ego.

Ceb. Meaning, this latter, what, Socrates?

Soc. Meaning the same as the Time of Day of the watch — a something which is not self-existent, but which yet is independent.

Ceb. What is that, Socrates, which Hegelianism teaches?

Soc. The German, Hegel, whose judgment is so much valued by these moderns, teaches — and teaches wisely — that the world is not an act, but an eternal movement; that it is continually creating because of that which is the force of matter. So, also, avers another, whose experience and scope of outlook render his reflections among the brightest found among men.‡ From investigations, says this observer, carried through all the domains of chemistry and physics, we may only arrive at the conclusion that nature possesses a store of force which cannot in any way be either increased or diminished; and that therefore the quantity of force in nature is just as eternal and unalterable as the quantity of matter. Heed an example, Cebes, and consider a

* Leibnitz. † Schelling. ‡ Helmholtz.

jelly-fish. Here is a case in which the conjunction of the entities we consider is so simple, that no organs have been produced. Yet a jelly-fish eats without a mouth, moves about without limbs, digests without a stomach, nourishes its parts without vessels, and it may be, builds for itself a house of shell which no testaceous animal can excel. Is there not here demonstration of life as it exists in these simples? A jelly-fish is little else than matter and force made visible.

Yet mark, Cebes, what it is that Pythagoras asserts with such show of wisdom. It is impossible, says the sage, not to perceive that ulterior to phenomena resides a Directing Power. We come always to this, my friend.

Ceb. Does not this modern whom men call Leibnitz, teach, with his system of monads, about the same as was held by the master Anaxagoras with his homœomeriæ.

Soc. Great words, Cebes, with simple meanings. The becoming and departing, said the Master, is a doctrine held by the Greeks without foundation, for nothing can ever be said to come or depart; but, since existing things may be compounded together and again divided, we should name the becoming more correctly a combination, and the departing a separation. Anaxagoras has put it well, Cebes, and so also has Empedocles: "Body is but a mingling, and then a separation of the mingled." See, Cebes, it does not satisfy

that we seek for the origin either in homœomeriæ or in the monad. There is a Something else.

The entity which exclusion discovers is an undeniable something, and must exist everywhere; but, in the judgment of the human, what is the entity? and where is it? He was a wise man and a good one, him whom they yet call St. Chrysostom; and what said the saint? "Of my knowledge I do know that there is a God who exists everywhere — that He is wholly everywhere, but the how, I know not; also, that He is without beginning, ungenerated, and eternal; but the how, I know not." And what was that, Cebes, which was so well queried by him whom they name the "Heavenly"?* "To say what God is not, is much easier than to say what He is."

Ceb. Yet we are to comprehend the God?

Soc. We are to apprehend, Cebes; that is, provided any of the God be found with us: and if we be not thus endowed, we may pass to that plane which limits comprehension, and getting thus far we have a negative proof in that — through the process of exclusion — we know there is something else even though we be without the sense which allows the taking hold of it.

Ceb. Let us deny to ourselves, for the purpose of the demonstration, that we possess any other lore than that of the animal senses, for the other sense, having its

* Augustine.

knowledge in itself, needs nothing to its understanding. Let us proceed, Socrates, that we may understand how man as man is capable of knowing himself, for I doubt me but that Phædo, who holds his tongue so demurely, is anxious enough to find out what is the pertinence of that exclusion which marks the line between God-men and the brutes.

Soc. You hold me well and wisely to the point, Cebes. It is our idea to understand what is the meaning, and where the end, of scientific inquiry.

I think, Cebes, we well understand that a man may not differ from a stone, vegetable, or brute, save as it is the case that he has found with him some material or substance or thing not found in the other.

Ceb. This was agreed to.

Soc. And we pronounced this something the quality of APPREHENSION?

Ceb. This is what we called it.

Soc. Do the senses, Cebes, perceive as existing in creation any thing beside force and matter?

Ceb. Why not many things?

Soc. Give it name, Cebes; what, for example?

Ceb. I am not clear, Socrates, but that mind is a something different from either of the entities you name.

Soc. Will you retract, then, and say that mind is the same as soul?

Ceb. This I perceive I may not do without admitting an immortal individuality for men who have no showing of the God in them, and as well would I have to carry to Hades, brutes and vegetables.

Soc. But why not admit the one, and carry the other? Why should not all men be immortal?

Ceb. I am at no loss in understanding that this might not be, seeing that a thing cannot be unlike itself.

Soc. Give it name, then, Cebes; for if mind be not a thing residing in force and matter, and if it be not of the God, then we have a great discovery before us.

Ceb. Explain me this, Socrates: How can a thing that reasons be alike with a thing that does nothing but reflect that which falls upon it?

Soc. If you insist on an answer, Cebes, you must let me go on after my own fashion. I doubt not that ere long we shall come to the place of a reply.

A man is an organized body; a brute is an organized body; vegetables are organized bodies; men, brutes, and vegetables have thus existence and function in one and the same law. A stone differs from a vegetable only as a brute differs from a man, *i. e.*, in being of a lower and of a subservient intention. A man may, and does, live and thrive on stones, but he may do so only indirectly. It is for the plant to take into itself, and to digest, the stone: it is for the ox, with his several stomachs, to convert many plants into a con-

centrated meat, which is the pabulum for man — thus soil, plants, and brutes, necessarily precede man, and are as almoners to him.

Man, of his organic nature, may act in organic relations not more intelligently than do vegetables; he may accomplish his functions, and coördinate his movements, and, as such actions are concerned, one man may not be seen to differ from another; albeit, between any two taken as examples there may be the difference of that which renders the one mortal, the other immortal; or, the immortal principle, differing in its relation with a human body, even as do force and matter, may be found to exist in a varying quota: for even as it is seen of one body that it possesses much matter, of another little; of one that it is overflowing with vitality, of another that it is sinking from lack of it — so one man will be found God-like all the way through, his fellow shall show nothing at all of the Divine.

Heed, Cebes, here is a beautiful passage from the book of the Soofees: "You say," says the book, "the sea and waves, but in that remark you do not believe that you signify distinct objects, for the sea, when it heaves, produces waves, and the waves, when they settle down again, become the sea: in the same manner men — the souls of men — are the waves of God. Or, you trace with ink upon paper certain letters, but these

letters are not distinct from the ink which enabled you to write them; in the same manner the creation is the alphabet of God, and is lost in Him."

Organic life, Cebes, is unfilled form — is a letter drawn with an inkless pen; a letter drawn is not less a letter made because that it is without color; a man is not less a physical man in that he is without a soul; for even as the ink is not the form of the letter, so soul would not seem to be a necessary attribute of humanity.

Soul is, in a sense, a correlative thing; changing, however, never into anything else, being one from the beginning unto the end, which beginning discovers to us no origin, which end, it would seem, is never to come.

Idiots and fools, say the Egyptians, are those whose souls are in heaven, while their grosser parts walk about the earth.

A saint, affirms the Mussulman, is not to be condemned, as are other men, for the commission of bodily sin, for his soul being absorbed in the contemplation of the Divine, the bodily passions are without other directions than the instincts.

This it is, Cebes, that the Dervish holds. There is but one God, the creator of the world. When God made man, He was pleased to give him something which He did not give to any other of his creatures. God was pleased to gift man with an existence like his

own, which will not only live in the present life, but will continue to exist hereafter in another. . . . . This peculiar part of man's existence is his soul. The peculiar character of this existence is such as to lead to the conviction that it is more than human, and must, therefore, be Divine; the origin of this soul is due to a direct emanation from the Deity; and differs from the ordinary breath of life, which all other animated nature received on its creation.*

Action in a man is of twofold signification; it may have relation exclusively with what is known as reflex movement — automatic action — that is, an instrument of sensation being touched, as though it might be a spring, expression is conveyed to a second element, which in its turn acts upon others, and these still in turn upon others, until the most complex results may be seen to accrue. Yet all these actions have a meaning but little different from the tones which are given forth by a violin or flute.

Now let us come to the reply. Mind is an automatic or reflective ability, residing, in varying degrees, in all organized bodies. And what is termed Reason is this same ability in working action. Let these assertions find illustration in an experiment common with these modern physiologists. If a frog be decapitated, and an irritant applied to one of its hind feet, the leg

* History of the Dervishes.

is withdrawn; let the irritant be increased, and both limbs are flexed; still increased, all the limbs are moved, the frog jumping away. Let now be applied an irritant to the inner part of the thigh, and the foot of the opposite leg is used in effort to remove the offence. Next let the foot be cut from the limb, and, after a moment of apparent reflection, the knee is moved up so as to rub the part worried.

The reasoning powers of a man may as certainly be independent of a soul, and not be a thing in itself, as in brutes what is called intelligence is not necessarily of the immortal principle. Which of two musicians, the one being in practice the other out, shall be found to discourse the finer music? And is it not seen to be the case that the best performer accomplishes his manipulations with least premeditation or effort? Do not the fingers cover the stops, or touch the keys, with an unconscious and unpremeditated accuracy? Here, indeed, would what is esteemed commonly as reasoning scarcely appear to be employed —fingers move quicker than what is called thought. It would seem to be an excito-motor result, purely and simply; and this, in truth, it is. Thus we find ourselves led to maintain that thought — reason — is only reflection; or, to put it in other words, that it is response to external impressions.

Education is the cultivation of the excitability

residing in matter: the schoolboy, with plodding care, toils through the stanzas of a page, the alphabet being called into requisition with almost every word; the accomplished reader gets the sense, yet pronounces — if reading to himself — never a syllable. The two differ alone in that the one person possesses uncultivated natural powers or offices; the other has a cerebro-spinal centre, or reflecting surface, so acutely responsive, that the slightest possible impression is equivalent to a result.

Man, as an animal, would seem to be of higher organization than the brute only as the brute is of higher organization than the vegetable, the vegetable than the stone; that is, as he is found to be possessed of refinement in attributes. Great parts in men have alone the signification of accidental molecular disposition—some men have voice with which they sing, other men are entirely without voice, being dumb; so there are birds which sing and birds which may not sing; mice even are there which chirp in their nooks and crannies, teaching the lesson of a oneness in nature. The man of genius is not great through his soul, but he comes to be marked as eminent among his fellows because it has happened that accident endowed him with peculiar sensibility on some aspect of the common reflecting surface of the nervous mass. He is, indeed, like the sensitized plate of the picture-maker, and the

one receives and shows forth images not more naturally and readily than does the other. Is not genius allied with disease, inasmuch as it is an abnormal condition? And has not a Genius more occasion for medicine than for gratulations? He who knows the meaning of genius, Cebes, pities the possessor, for in what is esteemed the gift is much suffering. A Genius reflects as naturally, and, in a sense, as unconsciously, as does a looking-glass hung out in face of the sun. Unmistakably is it the case, that a man may talk well, write well, do well a multitude of things, and yet do all that he does in the law of his organic relations, differing only, in the degree of his accomplishments, from the least impressible and most stupid either of men, lower animals, or vegetables. Soul, on the other hand, is an attribute which has pertaining to it associations higher and loftier than the things of colleges and books, and sensitive cerebro-spinal surfaces. As it enlarges in a man, so it is found to speak words and act actions of its own; and thus it is that the uneducated Gallilean unfolded life-lessons before which the learning and judgment of the world stands dumb; thus it is that fishermen leave their nets and write books which universities reverence as models in philosophy; thus it is that a Cyrus understands his own immortality, and that a Cicero finds in old age anticipations more pleasurable than even those begotten of the most exquisite senses of youth.

It is through the Genius alone, Cebes, that men are enabled to understand of the riches and capability of nature; great poems, great designs, great everythings are in the way alike of every human brain, just as human faces fall alike against unsensitized and sensitized plates, and yet are seen to show themselves alone from the latter; the great things of the world are of the world, and not at all of the surface that reflects and shows them. A looking-glass will show a castle, but who thinks to credit the mirror as the maker and producer of that which it exhibits? Ah, Cebes, the glory and harmony that are about us! how little should we know of these without the Genius!

Ceb. What, if you be wrong in all this, Socrates?

Soc. Answer me, my friend. Is the image shown us by the picture-maker a something that had residence in his plate?

Ceb. No man would assert this.

Soc. Whence then is it? for surely it is not seen when the eyes are turned away from the plate?

Ceb. Truly, Socrates, it is a reflection caught from a something external to it.

Soc. The image is not, then, a production of the plate?

Ceb. This might not be the case, seeing that with like facility it would have shown a horse or a house.

Soc. Neither any more are pictures the productions

of the painters, verses the compositions of the poets, or beautiful designs the creations of the architects.

Ceb. You would say, then, that men are born to different offices? speaking of men as one speaks of machines.

Soc. Men say this for themselves, Cebes. A man may polish and keep bright, but he does not arrange his brain; therefore, may he not of possibility show that which it is not in the power of his surface to reflect. A man may do nothing different from that which he finds within him the ability to do. Carbon arranged as a surface of charcoal cannot flash back a sun-ray as when it finds its composition after the order of a diamond.

Ceb. Does not this conflict, Socrates, with that famous parable of the talents which these moderns so continuously use as a lesson?

Soc. On the contrary, it is one truth endorsing another truth. To whom much is given, from him much is expected; and to whom little is given, from him little is required. Is it not thus that men themselves consider machines, Cebes? Bright or dull, a surface is not to be allowed to decrease in its reflecting power, for according to the polish, so is the reflection. A dull face may be made brighter, and a bright face may be made brighter still.

Ceb. But how may a man polish and keep bright such a thing as an internal surface?

Soc. He is to do it as he does with the instrument which is kept from going to rust through much handling. Heed, Cebes; when a man suffers this surface to become dull, not only does he cease to give forth anything, but he becomes himself incapable of receiving anything. Many men are little different from mollusk or sponge.

Ceb. You esteem, Socrates, that you have given us good and all-sufficient reasons for the faith in which you yourself seem so firmly rooted concerning this mechanical explanation of mind, and its entire separability from soul?

Soc. Analyze for yourself, Cebes, and if the subject appeal to you in any different manner, decide against me. For myself, what I have said, I believe; and this for the reason that, twist and turn this surface as I will, it shows me nothing different.

Ceb. You believe, then, necessarily, that in the destruction of the surface that reflects, that which is its function is destroyed also?

Soc. Not more truly than do I believe in the nothingness of a shadow, when the dial is not in place to make one. But heed, Cebes, the reflecting surface, as it is seen, is used by the soul, just as eyes and ears are employed by it as instruments. When the God speaks through men, he must use the language which men understand. And why shall He not make such markings

on the dial as suits His purpose, and thus show forth Himself in the heart, as it were? What shall the soul which resides in a man use as its instruments of action, if not these very senses which we perceive as the caterers to bodily offices? Heed, again, Cebes; what was that breathed by the God into the nostrils of the clay-formed human? Shall we deny that this was the soul? Or shall we say that it was the something which must be so intimately allied with this, and which, for want of better name, we have called the Capability?

Ceb. But if the soul use as instruments the senses of the organism, how may it be otherwise, Socrates, than that thus the God is recognizable by these senses?

Soc. Whist, Cebes; the horse no doubt speculates over the master that drives him, but think you that a horse can measure a man? Yet what of all this? Is it not enough to have discovered that we possess Capability, and that this has for a man all the meaning of a soul? Is this very different from discovering and understanding that all men have souls? See, my friend, it is for a man to cultivate his Capability, or to deny it, as he wills: the God knocks continuously at the door of the heart, seeking to come, even Himself, to wider expression; seeking to get more of Himself into the world; urging his right to the temples He has built. If a man will not open the door, then he remains, of necessity, dual in his nature, and the fulness of his

meaning continues in that which constitutes duality. And see, Cebes, what an expression is this of free-agency? And what an explanation of that consoling passage, "that the kingdom of heaven is within a man." Surely, where the God is, there is heaven. A man needs but to open his own gates that he find himself at once in paradise. One needs not to wonder and speculate as regards the location of the city that is called golden; the brightest spot in the kingdom of the blessed has been found amid the filth of a noisome prison cell. The man who understands not that the kingdom of the God is everywhere, may take to himself the conviction that he has not within him the sense of Godliness. A man gets farther and farther into the kingdom of heaven, as the God gets farther and farther into the man.

Seb. Heed, Socrates. What, by such showing, become of the transgressions of men? Is there no punishment for sin?

Soc. You ask a question, Cebes, that belongs alone to the very ignorant. If you would find out for yourself, try transgression, and if you get not punishment enough, come back with other question.

Ceb. Pardon, Socrates, but a multitude of men sin, and then glory and pride and pleasure themselves in the offences, seeming to find little punishment that worries them.

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Soc. Foolish Cebes, not yet to have grasped the meaning of suffering by negation. Such men, my friend, are the most unenviable and myopic of mortals—they hug to their breasts bundles of thorns in an entire obliviousness to the existence of boquets of fragrant roses; such are as swine, whose dish is a trough, and whose nourishment deadens while it fattens. Oh, Cebes! that you, of all the children of men, should ask such questions; and this, while every grave, and every house, and every street, swarm with their multitude of answers—hell in so many places, and only heaven in so few—the Kingdom that is everywhere negated by the Tartarus that is nowhere but in a man's own heart—not even enough consciousness left to evoke a cry for the chances of the Acherusian lake. Whist, Cebes; some men love, and some men think they love—what is the difference?

Ceb. I am well corrected, Socrates. But are you to be understood as maintaining that the Deus Mundi is nothing different from that Godliness which resides with a God-man?

Soc. Things dissimilar in appearance and in apparent nature may be of like constitution. Ice is water, Cebes, but water is not ice. Aquosity is hydrogen and oxygen, but these gases are not aquosity. Soul is force, but Force is not soul.

Ceb. But, it is natural to query: If all soul be a com-

mon soul, how may distinction exist between the whole and a part? Where is God? the individual God? and where is man — the man that apprehension teaches as being possessed of individual immortality?

Soc. One, being seated by the side of the great Nile, did scoop up in his palm that which contained in each drop all that makes the water — yet did THE RIVER run on as calmly, and grandly, and as individually as ever.

Ceb. And the palmful evaporated, and found its way back into the stream?

Soc. Yes, Cebes, found its way back into that it was, and no man might distinguish that portion which answered the purpose of an illustration.

> "—— As one body seems the aggregate
> Of atoms numberless, each organized,
> So, by a strange and dim similitude,
> Infinite myriads of self-conscious minds
> In one containing Spirit live, who fills
> With absolute ubiquity of thought
> All his involved monads, that yet seem
> Each to pursue its own self-centring end."

From the scientific standpoint, no particle of confusion would seem to exist in viewing as in inseparable conjunction the ALL SOUL and the individual souls of men: for, as to unthinking people, fathers and sons appear like distinct individualities, yet does the physicist

know that such separation is but conventional: for how might it be but that all men are in that from whence man had origin — that "I and my Father are one"?

Ceb. But a son, it may be said, returns not into his father.

Soc. A narrow and most gratuitous assertion. Is not the father in his time a son? and does he not in turn go the way whence he came; and goes not each son in a self-same way, forever — coming from, going back, into that which is the origin?

Ceb. But the attributes of God, it is to be suggested, are justice and mercy and long endurance; and men, the best of men, are found, too often, unjust, pitiless, and impatient.

Soc. So, also, it is that other water which one has from the river is found putrid and filthy, yet we may not deny its origin, nor that whereof it is. So, also, the brine which comes in from the sea is found saltless in the streams of distant meadow lands; and yet these are not two waters.

Ceb. But man is insignificant, and God is All-mighty!

Soc. Yes; so also the Nile which was held in the palm, evaporated, and quickly disappeared. Yet the great current flows on forever, and deluges Egypt.

Ceb. But how, Socrates, is to be explained the individuality of a human soul, if it is to be esteemed as not a thing in itself?

Soc. Are not the individualities of children as entities, and yet is it to be denied that parent and child are one?

So, also, is it not the case that centre and circumference are one, for may it be that the former can exist without the latter? Yet is a centre a point so minute that human eye has never beheld it; while a circumference may be so expansive that it shall girdle the world.

Ceb. But all this is a judgment of soul formed and based on a knowledge of matter.

Soc. Yes, so it is premised to be. It is judgment by exclusion — it is comprehension; yet is it found to correspond, so far as it goes, with the definitions of apprehension. Matter is matter, and it is seen to be forever in a state of transmigration; being to-day of this body, to-morrow of that. Yet does the physicist find it made up of elementary particles, which particles are eternal and indestructible in their individuality, never being lost to themselves. Here, in even so crude a thing as matter, are we able to illustrate numberless individualities residing in an oneness.

Ceb. But God is all knowledge. If, then, God and the soul of man be one, man, it would certainly seem, should have the secret by which HE created the earth and the sky; and he should be able to tell unto himself the wherefore and the whereof of life and of action.

Soc. Excellently put, Cebes; you surpass yourself. Yet let an answer be found in the confusions of Lysander, who, on his life, can tell nothing of such simple matters as the muscles and tendons which move the limbs of the child he created. He did also construct the eye, and what eye is so tell-tale as that of the boy Zapater? Yet has no one ever judged Lysander as an optician, and, indeed, he might not tell how many humors he did put into the orb; and of that complex thing, the retina gangliformis, he knows certainly not so much as the name. Yet it is not to be denied that from his creating power did all these things come.

Ceb. Go on, Socrates.

Soc. If, now, these conclusions of comprehension are not to be overthrown by the higher wisdom of apprehension, it would seem to be with Soul as it is with Matter and Force—free is the one as are the others. Soul is that "Essential Form" as understood by Plato, to possess which is to have all good. He who gathers of it becomes, in proportion to the gathering, Godlike: he who denies and rejects the good, fails and shrinks, and withers away even as does he who refuses to take to the matter of his body air and sunshine.

It can only be that God is immortal life, and thus is it happy provision that it seems to pertain to a man's self, as to what extent immortality is to be enjoyed by him. Let man die—for so he would seem to be able to

die—if he so wills, as a brute dies; he who so departs, carries with him nothing of the immortal; somebody else enjoys his share. It is with soul, Cebes, as with gold; common property is it, yet it is seen that some men so strive, and so do continuous battles for gold, that they may be esteemed as having converted themselves into statues of this metal; others, they who battle not, go down to their graves without even so much of coin as shall suffice to pay for the nails which hold the coffin-boards together.

It is to be comprehended that it is with God — the All Soul — as it is with the sun. Day after day, through all the generations of man, has this great mystery been seen in the sky: yet what child but knows that in it is the color of the leaf; the absence of the darkness which its presence negates; the organic life of everything that lives on earth? yet, that of itself it grows never less. And this sun is, in seeming, something distinct, and has an apparent separation of millions of miles from that which is itself. Wonderful condition! that man has a God and Father, yet is himself God and Father. Wonderful! that a little flower should have its beauty by reason of sunshine that is a part of it, yet that the sun is a great planet far away in the sky.

In proportion, Cebes, as a man is Godly, so of necessity does he grow in apprehension. Mysteries

there are which it is difficult to comprehend, yet which are easy of apprehension. Is it not felt of every man who aspires to work and to live nobly, that such work and life are found to liè in, and yet to be without himself? herein being, indeed, one of the many negative proofs of an immortal individual principle. Is not the negation of the man, with his passions, his weaknesses, and his fallacies, a necessity, that one may gain lofty ends? Does not that eagle fly highest which has the cleanest wings? Runs not slowest that animal whose limbs are most mud be-draggled? To apprehend, is to know, without comprehending. Does not that ignorance — of man's knowledge — which bows before the shrine apprehend, yet what comprehends it of the Omnipotence that is worshipped. May a mouse comprehend an elephant which is only itself enlarged? Or may the gnat comprehend wherein its wings differ from those of the ostrich? That like be unto like who may dispute. Yet who shall comprehend how that breath which is the immortal life of man, enters into him, and becomes his individual immortality? And yet who may doubt that this is? Not that a Moses, or a John, has asserted it — not even because it is an expression of the vox populi, which we accept as the leges Dei, but because in that exhibit which knowledge calls exclusion do we find Apprehension denominated, and its existence as a Sense demonstrated.

Take lesson, Cebes, and you others who sit among the tombstones. Who will perish as cat or dog when he may live as a God? Who will crawl among mold, when the bright empyrean invites him? Who will exist alone to the performance of animal offices, when the Divine asks for and craves his help? Doubt it not, my friends, these modern physicists may not have their arguments gainsayed or their demonstrations brought to naught: a man is an automaton; mind is a function; and these, when combined, are found to be nothing better than a machine; and as a machine, the parts go to destruction and to nothingness; one piece after another piece going, until in the end no man may say that a machine ever existed.—But the office,—the office, O Cebes! — Is not greatest length of life in an office? He who would have immortality is to find it alone in the office of his capability: for of all offices, this is the single one that is immortal, and in its immortality all that is divine in a man is rendered eternal—love, virtuous actions, and all the things which are of Godly nature. It is a grand intention This which is the capability of a man; it is the grandeur of the God himself. Shall a man find himself able to bear such office and at the same time give his every action and thought to the service of Mammon? Heed, my friends, I read you a passage from a famous book of these moderns. It is a strange passage, to say the

least of it. See what you can make out of it. But no. I read it not to you: let me the rather write it in great letters across the white face of a tombstone, that thus, whenever you find yourselves in this arcanum, it may stare its words into your faces, and thus compel you to consider it; for that it is of vast import to men is not to be doubted, seeing that it belongs to that utterance which we have learned to be the speech of the God. — See; thus it is,

"*It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.*"

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